

The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No. 2.]

FEBRUARY, 1865.

[PRICE 1½d.

THE MARTYR OF SMYRNA.

It was in the glorious city of Smyrna, where a Christian See had been established—where Heathenism and Christianity, both true and false, had their temples side by side, that the good Bishop Polycarp taught his school of young disciples. They gathered about him with the earnest love of children. He had been baptized through the apostle John with the true baptism of love, and he shed it forth so that it harmonized all that came within his actual sphere; but without were enemies, many and furious, the worshipers of the Roman gods: those, too, who from avarice or self-seeking had striven to introduce corruptions into the doctrines of the church, were violently opposed to the good bishop.

One day his disciples were walking with him in his garden, talking of the Christ and John the beloved, every word so full of true fear and love, when one spoke out:

"O, father, the longer we are with you, the better we know your character, the more we are amazed at it. You are like Daniel in the den of lions. On all sides you are beset with enemies whom you have never, in the least, injured, who would gladly put you to death. But you remain the same. We have never seen upon your countenance an expression of wrath, nor heard the least word of displeasure from your lips. How can you do so, O father?"

The old man smiled and said: "Do you think, then, children, that the prophet to whom you liken me was angry with the lions? The lions that surround me may have power over my body, but not over my spirit, for this I have given to the Lord. Enemies, however many beset me from without, enemies, my children, Polycarp has none."

A deep silence and thoughtfulness fell upon the little group as they listened to the words of the good old man; they treasured them in their hearts till they brought forth the glorious fruit upon which was nourished the early church. The bishop noted their somewhat troubled looks as they rested under a noble tree where he was accustomed to give them his daily teachings.

"Be not cast down, my beloved ones; look not at the weeds which gather about the roots of the tree of God; the scythe of time will soon cut those down; but look at the magnificent branches and top, which shelter all who come near it; that is the type of this Christ-faith. He planted it, a tiny seed, but it has strengthened with each year. The blood of the sinless One gave an unfailing nourishment to the germ, and it developed and sent forth strong roots—the trunk grew, the branches spread, and now no power, be it Jew or Gentile, shall be able to check its growth. They may burn and torture its disciples; they may forbid its worship, but it will grow, till it covers the whole world. What if disciples are put to death? What is death when it opens only upon endless life? Let us treasure the thought that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church, and if we are called upon to yield up our lives, let us do it more than willingly—rejoicingly."

Just then they were startled by loud shouts and the tramp of an advancing multitude.

"Seize the old atheist! Death to the subverter of our gods! Throw him to the wild beasts!" Screams, yells, fierce cries rent the air, and the steady tramp, tramp, came towards the garden of Polycarp.

The dismayed disciples looked horror-

struck at each other, and then, turning to the bishop, they took hold of him gently to lead him away. "They are coming for you, my father; hasten away; do not let them find you here, or they will tear you in pieces."

"Let me meet them here, my children, in my own home; they may take my poor life, if that will satisfy them; and then, when their rage is satiated, they may leave the church in peace."

"No, father, no; your life is too precious; we cannot yet stand without you. You fail in no duty by preserving your own life, and you will save the mob from a hideous crime. A moment more and it will be too late."

"Heavenly Father, guide me aright." He bowed his head in prayer, and then turned with his followers into a narrow, labyrinthine path, almost hidden by undergrowth, which led, by a secret outlet, to a place beyond the gates. As they passed on, they heard the heavy blows of the axes of the proconsular guard upon the gate, which soon yielded. There was a sudden pause and hush in the assembly, for they all expected to find Polycarp there, and a howl of disappointed rage followed when they found the prey upon whom they had securely counted had escaped them. They searched the garden, but though they saw the path, the secret outlet was so skilfully contrived, it escaped them. They entered the house, ruthlessly breaking up all its adornments. Crosses, of which there were many, were thrown into a heap and burned, and a communion service battered and bruised till no one could tell the shape or use. The mob, balked of their prey, found some comfort in these outrages.

Meantime Polycarp sought quiet refuge in the villa of a friend who was as yet unsuspected of the taint of the Christian heresy. Here, day and night, the members of the Christian church gathered about him, and he passed the time in praying with and teaching them. But the thirst of the mob was not slaked; they soon began to clamour again for the life of the good bishop. They gathered about the house of the proconsul, and threatened to send a complaint to Marcus Aurelius, the reigning emperor, if he did not find out the haunts of this "enemy

of the gods." The officer, alarmed lest he should be suspected of complicity with the Christians, gave orders to his guard to find him at all hazard.

After much search, they found two slaves, former servants of the good bishop, who had not strength to resist the threats of torture, and betrayed his place of refuge. They approached the place with stealthy tread, hoping to catch him unawares; but he was in the highest story of the house, and perceived their approach. He could easily have escaped to another villa by the flat roof peculiar to oriental dwellings, but he said, "The will of the Lord be done," and descended to meet the officers. He asked to have refreshments set before them, and then requested them to indulge him with one hour for quiet prayer. But so earnest were his devotions, so entirely was he absorbed in them, that two hours passed away unnoticed by him. Then he was placed upon an ass and conveyed to the city. When near it, they were met by the chief officer of the police. He took Polycarp into his chariot, and, addressing him kindly, asked what harm there could be in saying, "The emperor, our Lord," and in sacrificing, this being all the retraction that was required of him.

At first Polycarp was silent, but as they began vehemently to urge him, he said, mildly: "I shall not do as you advise me." Thus, finding they could not influence him, they grew so angry, they thrust him so violently from the carriage, that one of his legs was injured. But he proceeded on his way, cheerfully and calmly, as though nothing had happened. Having arrived before the proconsul, he was again urged to have respect at least to his own old age, to swear by the genius of the emperor, and to give proof of his penitence by joining in the shouts of the people:

"Away with the godless!"

Polycarp looked with a firm eye at the assembled crowd, and, pointing to them with his finger, said, "Away with the godless!"

"Now swear! Curse Christ, and I release thee," said the proconsul.

"Six-and-eighty years have I served Him, and He has done me nothing but good, and how could I curse Him—my Lord and my Saviour?"

"In your heart you can still hold him as your Lord and Saviour, only outwardly sacrifice to the emperor, that you may appease the people," said the proconsul, who really at heart desired to save him.

"I tell you frankly I am a Christian. Would you know what the doctrines of Christianity are? If you will appoint an hour I will tell you."

"Do but persuade the people."

Polycarp replied: "To you I was bound to give an account of myself, for our religion teaches us to pay honour to the powers ordained of God, so far as it can be done without prejudice to our salvation, but those I regard as not worthy of hearing me defend myself."

The proconsul, finding all his efforts in vain to induce him to abjure his religion, called for his herald and caused it to be proclaimed that Polycarp avowed himself a Christian. These words pronounced his sentence of death. The heathen populace, within an infuriate shout, replied:

"This is the teacher of atheism, the father of Christians, the enemy of our gods, by whom so many have been turned from sacrifice. Let him die at the stake! burn him! Let him be consumed root and branch!"

And Jews and Pagans hastened to bring wood for the pile. A strong stake was driven into the ground, and they led him out to be tied to it. Drawing his noble form up to its full height, he said: "Leave me thus; He who has strengthened me to encounter the flames will also enable me to stand firm at the stake." They yielded to this request, and piled the fagots around him. Before the fire was lighted he prayed: "Lord Almighty God, the Father of thy beloved Son, Jesus Christ, through whom from thee we have received the knowledge of thyself, God of angels, and of the whole human race, and of the just that live in thy presence, I praise thee that thou hast judged me worthy of this day and this hour to take part in the number of thy witnesses, in the cup of thy Christ."

An awe fell upon the multitude as they saw this calm yielding up of life for a faith. "There must be truth here," said some, "or he could not thus meet death." And so "the blood of this

martyr became the seed of the church." Around this martyrdom have gathered many of the legends and myths of the early church. A contemporary narrator says: "When the fire had kindled about him, the flames disposed themselves in the form of an arch, leaving his body untouched, upon which a spearsman pierced him through, and blood flowed so freely from the wound as to extinguish the fire; then a dove was seen to fly from the wound, which some suppose to have been his soul clothed with a visible form at the time of its departure."

"WELL WITH THE CHILD."

SOME time ago, spending a few hours by the sea-side, we strolled into a church-yard, and for the first time read, carved in stone at the head of a little grave, this simple and suitable inscription from the fourth chapter of the 2nd book of Kings, "It is well with the child." To a child sleeping in the arms of its mother, watched over by a sleepless care and almost divine tenderness, we could say, "It is well." Nor is it less true that while the body moulders in the earth, the mother, the bosom from which the perishable came, and the spirit in the paradise of God, the home of the soul, "it is well with the child."

It is difficult at times to reconcile ourselves to the ordinations of a wise Providence, and clothe the mind with perfect trust, that all is best, in the midst of the painful bereavements and mischances of our earthly lot. Delightful it is to look on the opening buds of spring, and watch the tender flowers unfold themselves, the joy of our eyes and heart. It is therefore necessarily painful before the summer bloom and autumn ripeness to see them destroyed by the unkindly hand of death. This is one of the great trials of parents. For a few years the angels of perfect innocence cheer the house with their presence, and we build upon them the joy of many years. Anon the place of their mirth is darkened by sorrow, and we have a conflict of faith in the presence of their early loss. Then it is there is no balm that soothes our suffering like Christian hope, no light that falls on our darkness like this. It is the only whisper of peace that breaks the awful stillness of death, the gospel of a future world

and re-union there; that as the Great Shepherd took them into his arms and blessed them while he sojourned here, and handed them again to the sweet embrace of their parents, so behind the veil they rest for a little time away from us to be restored again. This hope is a refuge amid the storms of life, which enables us to look even now into that haven of perfect purity and peace whether they have entered and we shall follow.

It has often been a source of anxiety and perplexity to the minds of many of us, the death of so many young children. The darkest cloud is said to have a silver lining, but we have not always the power to pierce the darkness and see that it is all light beyond. We ought not to doubt that a higher purpose is served by these our sorrows and losses; yet as every little ray of light is welcome on this subject, we offer a few considerations to strengthen the heart in those trials.

Is it well with the child? How can we otherwise think of God and the departed child? He has drawn it away from our side in the first and perfect innocent stage of its being, before the heart ever became stained with sin, or the thought corrupted with folly and vanity. The Saviour pronounced his blessing on infancy—"Such is the kingdom of God;" and, "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father in heaven." As Christians, we cannot but feel comforted in these truths. We are bound to cast off all doubt of their happiness as an unholy thing and unworthy of our name and profession. The awful doctrine of infant damnation taught by Calvin, and that other unholy doctrine of the Church of England, the necessity of infant regeneration, are practically unchristian, and worse than some of the effete pagan superstitions. We appeal from all that scholastic theology and frivolous argument to the great Head of the Church on this matter of infant salvation, and he informs us with an unquestionable plainness and certainty that "we must become as little children if we would enter heaven." A child is placed before us in all its simple holiness and Christ-like humility as the mark of our life. This is conclusive evidence and the end of controversy to our minds on

this matter. Some of us must work out our salvation. Many of us cannot be saved in the pristine purity in which we came from the hands of God. We have known what sin is. We need to war a warfare with evil, and to conquer the sin that has possessed the soul. We must rise on the wings of the faith and love of the Saviour out of this world of sin and death. But with little children the thing is quite different; they rise to heaven on the wings of the very innocence and holiness of God. They are vessels from the hands of the Potter at once taken to his household. The Shepherd has taken these lambs to his bosom, freed them from the danger of the wolf and the pitfalls of the wilderness; they are now in his heavenly presence, the objects of his immediate and constant care. It was a beautiful sentiment among some of the ancients, "Whom the gods love, die young." And it was one of their loveliest customs, as the first rays of light broke the day and called the sleeping world to light, in the morning twilight they buried their children, as they aimed to give the softest interpretation to their loss, and believed that Aurora loves the young and takes them to herself. Goddess of the morning, these children of death were her own, she loved them so extremely well. This was a consoling thought in a myth. We have a sure word of promise in the Saviour's love that they are all safe and well in the hands of God. Can the thought with which we follow their untainted spirits be otherwise than fragrant with hope, if we have a heart within us that can scent the purity and sweetness of the buds of spring? Who loves not children? Why do we love them? No one can help loving little children. They are made by God to be always and everywhere loved, by God and man, sage and savage, saint and sinner. Then why do we doubt of the care and love of God and angels when they are beyond our sight?

We often think of heaven as the place of great moral heroes, of those who have battled bravely against evil, and through much tribulation have reached that blessed place, and there they stand in forms of manliness and holiness before the throne of God. But heaven shall be as rich with innocence as it is great with

holiness. Conditioned as we are, our ideal happiness is incomplete, dwelling only on the active side of life. We see and take pleasure in the brave warrior, the earnest worker, and the dusty traveller; yet there needs the softness and the delicacy of perfect simplicity and untried wisdom and innocence united with the toilsome experience of life, to make up the happiness of home. So God, who mixes up the cup of eternal felicity as well as present happiness, takes some away to be those angels of purity who shall not be less happy because they have not grown earth-weary and wayworn, and our happiness will be more complete from the character of their company in heaven. This view helps us to obviate the difficulty of their need of practical earthly experience. The children we have around us now, independent of after manhood and service, are a necessity as children to the moral welfare of the world. We are too apt to think of the young as only necessary that they may grow up to be the men and women of an after generation. This is an incomplete view of their service to us. So those who are taken from us and transplanted in another world, untutored as they are to this, will find a home in the eternal one according to their innocent and inexperienced state, and their position in the paradise of God may be as much a necessity for our future happiness as their presence in this world is a condition of our happiness here. So when we see so many children carried away in infancy to another world, we must not let our eye rest only on the present loss; we must carry our view into a wider sphere. We know a perfect, loving God is the author of all worlds and our destiny. All his ways are not only good and right, but the highest good and the holiest right. They are in the hands of God; they are guiltless of all sin; they have gone from a world of much possible evil to one of unconfin'd spiritual good.

"Now at the Almighty Father's hand,
Nearest the throne of living light,
With choirs of infant seraphs stand,
And dazzling shine where all are bright."

There is a second class of considerations arising out of the death of children, we will briefly glance over. We feel the loss of our children like an evil; and yet

it cannot be an evil, for it is universal, and entirely beyond the control of all human precaution and foresight. This is a loss that is outbalanced, we believe, by a gain in the culture of our hearts. In the first place, the remembrance of a dead child is sweet. Sad at times as it is to think on them that are gone, we retain no bitter, no vexed thoughts of those so taken from us. We may have had our troubles with them, but now they are to us as roses without thorns, and scented with the fragrance of heaven. We know them now but in all the sweetness and playfulness of children, or as angel spirits around the throne of God. We know them as children; they remain such; buds and opening flowers of the memory that never wax old or wither after a generation of children have grown up and melted into manhood out of sight. There are scenes, too, connected with their suffering and death that have softened the hardness of our hearts, and made some barren spot of life fruitful with goodness. As the tears of heaven falling on the rocks have softened it for seed and a rich harvest of fruit and flowers, so the tears of affliction shed in remembrance of our little patient sufferers who looked up in our faces for help when we could render them no aid, have deepened the best emotions of our souls, and made us greater in moral power and human sympathy for others' suffering. We have felt as well the salutary effect of their memory on our temper, and the spirit in which we ought to attend to those around us and their education. Misfortune, sorrow and death, touch much deeper chords in our nature than ever is done by pleasure and all surrounding life. While death heightens and softens our estimation of those that are gone, it at the same time mellows the best qualities of the human soul. In the loss of children we meet with a trial that reveals to us the greater power of love and self-sacrifice implanted in our souls by the Divine Father. We have felt we could have willingly given everything we possessed, and walked round the world barefooted, to have saved a dying child. Those severe trials have revealed to us the power of affection, and it is not in vain that the human soul is moved to this depth of compassion. These are providential storms in the voyage of

life, and those billows which sound the depth of human love help us to believe in the immeasurable depth of divine pity and compassion in the mind of God. There are spots of earth consecrated by great deeds, and there are moments of time consecrated by great suffering, and from these arise a kind of monumental experience that lifts itself so much above our ordinary life, that it is a guide and a blessing all the rest of our days. The whole circle of our relations has been blest with higher life by the light of a little star of suffering and affection shining aloft, carried there by death. And heaven, the final home of us all—once to our minds a place of golden streets and pearly gates and temples—a place of patriarchs and prophets, apostles, martyrs and confessors—a happy but a strange place, has become familiar to our eye. We have lost sight of its golden greatness, but gained through our losses a sight much more endearing to the soul. We now see faces we know, hearts we love, and forms we pity and revere. We expect no St. Peter to open the gates and welcome us after death, but our sweet friends, no strangers there, to meet us and welcome us into the Divine presence.

Here, then, we find some compensations for our losses that sweeten the memory, that soften the heart, that develop deeper sympathy, that create a greater insight of the soul and a larger compass of mind, that subdue our asperities of temper and excite deeper chords of love, that awaken a sense of nearness of heaven, that prepare us the better for duty or death, for time and eternity. It is well with the child, and well with those that are left. It is a contracted view that observes a want of Divine goodness in any part of the Divine dispensations; a larger view corrects every reason of complaint. Some of us need a longer time here, and some a shorter, to accomplish the Divine plan: accomplished, it is all well.

"Aye, it is well;

Well with the lambs, well with their guide:
Their pleasant rivers wander they beside,
And strike sweet harps upon its silver tide:

Aye, it is well.

"Through the drear day

They often come from glorious light to me:
I cannot feel their touch, their faces see;
Yet my soul whispers they do come to me;
Heaven is not far away!"

CHINESE MAXIMS.

THE error of one moment becomes the sorrow of a whole life.

A vacant mind is open to all suggestions, as the hollow mountain returns all sounds.

The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfected without adversity.

Ivory is not obtained from rats' teeth.
(Said in contempt.)

A bird can roost but on one branch; a mouse can drink no more than its fill from a river. (Enough is as good as a feast.)

You cannot strip two skins from a cow.
(There is a limit to extortion.)

Who, swallows quick can chew but little. (Applied to learning.)

The torment of envy is like a grain of sand in the eye.

The gods cannot help a man who loses opportunities.

Dig a well before you are thirsty.
(Be prepared against contingencies.)

Eggs are close things, but the chicks come out at last. (Murder will out.)

A diligent pen supplies memory and thought.

To win a cat or lose a cow. (Consequence of litigation.)

No duns outside, and no doctors within.
(Absence of sickness and debt.)

Borrowed money makes time short; working for others makes it long.

If families have no sons devoted to letters, whence are the governors of the people to come? (Necessity for general education.)

Forbearance is a domestic jewel.

Parents' affection is best shewn by teaching their children industry and self-denial.

The more talents are exercised, the more they will be developed.

The ways of superiors are generally carried by inferiors to excess.

A truly great man never puts away the simplicity of a child.

A foolish husband fears his wife; a prudent wife obeys her husband.

The man who combats himself will be happier than he who combats others.

Sleepiness in an old man, and wakefulness in a young one, are bad symptoms.
(Medical axiom.)

THE DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY.

BY J. D. READ.

(Continued from p. 10.)

9. That the apostolic writers never regarded the expression "Holy Ghost" or "Spirit" as meaning a person in the Godhead, but as expressive either of God himself or of His power, will or influence, is evidenced by the various manners in which such is used.

"Now the Lord is that spirit; and where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." (2 Cor. iii. 17.)

"For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of a man which is in him? Even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the spirit of God." (1 Cor. ii. 11.)

Matthew gives Christ's answer touching the power by which he cast out devils as being:

"But if I cast out devils by the spirit of God, then the kingdom of God is come unto you." (Matt. xii. 28.)

Luke gives the same reply as being:

"But if I with the finger of God cast out devils, no doubt the kingdom of God is come upon you." (Luke xi. 20.)

In the Epistles the expression is used synonymously with "God."

"Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?" (1 Cor. vi. 19.)

"Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?" (1 Cor. iii. 16.)

"Ye are the temple of the living God, as God has said, I will dwell in them." (2 Cor. vi. 16.)

The Holy Ghost is spoken of in a manner which is inapplicable to a person.

"And there appeared unto them cloven tongues as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost." (Acts ii. 3, 4.)

"And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my spirit upon all flesh. And on my servants, and on my handmaidens, I will pour out, in those days, of my spirit, and they shall prophesy." (Acts ii. 17, 18.)

"God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power." (Acts x. 38.)

The Spirit is spoken of in the neuter gender, which would be inapplicable and

dishonouring, did such mean a person in the Godhead, in Romans viii. 16, John vi. 63, though very often personified and spoken of in the masculine; but in Scripture, Faith, Charity, Death, &c., are also often personified.

"Thus saith the Holy Ghost," in the New Testament, is equivalent with, "Thus saith the Lord," in the Old Testament.

For the words "Ghost" and "Spirit" there is but one in the Greek, *pneuma*, which means spirit, air, breath. In many instances the English words are printed with a capital, as though a proper name, but have no capital in the original, being really only a common noun.

The term "God the Holy Ghost," used by Trinitarians, is nowhere found in the Bible.

10. The only text in the Bible in which a Trinity in Unity is named, 1 John v. 7, is acknowledged by the best critics not to be genuine, and does not exist in the best and oldest Greek manuscripts. The only other texts in which the names Father, Son and Holy Ghost, occur in connection, are Matt. xxviii. 19, 2 Cor. xiii. 14; and in them it is not said that each is God, each equal, nor that each is to be worshiped, nor that they together make one God.

11. The title "Son of God" does not necessarily imply divinity (divine relationship to God), nor is it exclusively applied to Christ: the righteous are called "sons of God."

"For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God; and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ, if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together." (Romans viii. 14-17.)

See also Gen. vi. 2; Job i. 6, xxxviii. 7; Hosea i. 10; John i. 12; Romans viii. 19; Philippians ii. 15; 1 John iii. 1, 2.

Adam is called the son of God, Luke iii. 38.

12. Beside the title "Son of God," Christ was called by many others, which were common also to men: he is styled

by himself and the apostles, "Son of Man," which title occurs about 80 times. He is spoken of as "the first fruit of them that slept" (1 Cor. xv. 20, 23); and also as "sitting on the right hand of God."

"Then shall the Son also himself be subject unto Him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all." (1 Cor. xv. 28.)

Would the disciples have ventured to converse and argue with Jesus, had they considered him to be God?

13. The manifest contradiction naturally and necessarily exhibited in the Trinitarian teaching, as expressed in the Athanasian Creed :

"So the Father is God, the Son is God, the Holy Ghost is God. And yet there are not three Gods, but one God."

Again :

"The Son is of the Father alone, not made, nor created, but begotten."

Being begotten implies at least a commencement of existence, consequently subsequent to God, who existed from all eternity.

"The Holy Ghost is of the Father and of the Son; neither made, nor created, nor begotten, but proceeding."

Thus naming a commencement of existence subsequent to that of the Son; yet in this Creed one is required to believe that

"In this Trinity none is afore or after other; none is greater or less than another. But the whole three persons are co-eternal together and co-equal."

14. The word "Trinity" is not found in the Bible, nor used by any Christian writer before Justin Martyr, who wrote A. D. 180, and Theophilus, who was converted A. D. 168, of whom Dr. Burton wrote :

"He tells us himself that he had been bred up in heathenism, and it is plain that his language and thoughts retained a lasting impression of the Platonic philosophy."

Plato taught, 360 years before Christ, a triade of attributes or manifestations of the Deity—"The one good: Intellect (Logos), and Psyche (operating energy)."

15. The early Fathers of the Church did not teach the doctrine of a Trinity :

"We hold the rule of truth, that there is

one God Almighty, who created all things by his Logos. This is the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of Him it is that Paul declared, There is one God even the Father, who is above all, and through all, and in all." (Irenæus, A. D. 178, lib. i. cap. xix. and xi. 3.)

"If we understand what prayer is, it will appear that it is never to be offered to any originated being, not to Christ himself, but only to the God and Father of all; to whom our Saviour himself prayed and taught us to pray." (Origen.)

"And when you consider the faith of those Jews who believe in Jesus; some thinking him to be the son of Joseph and Mary, and others of Mary only and the Divine Spirit; but still without any belief in his divinity." (Origen, Com. on Matt., sec. 161.)

16. The growth of the Trinitarian creed was gradual. The Apostles' Creed was the only one known to the church for 325 years, and is Unitarian; for in it Christ is not described as God, but Son of God, which does not necessarily imply divinity; as having been "born of the Virgin Mary," and as "sitting on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty."

Disputes between the Athanasians and Arians touching consubstantiality of Christ with the Father, led to the assembling of the Council of Nice, under the Emperor Constantine, A. D. 325, and by that Council the doctrine of the divinity of Christ was made an article of faith, and thus expressed in the Creed named after the place in which the Council was held, the Nicene Creed :

"And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, begotten and only begotten of the Father; that is of the substance of the Father; God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God."

But this Creed did not ascribe divinity to the Holy Ghost, only giving,

"We believe in the Holy Ghost."

This was altered at the second general Council, that of Constantinople, A.D. 381, to

"We believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life, who proceedeth from the Father, who with the Father and the Son together is worshiped and glorified, who spake by the prophets."

The Creed called the Athanasian Creed was not settled in council, but came into use between A. D. 500 and 800. Its author is not known.

A WEAKNESS ADMITTED.

THE Church of England begins to admit its weakness in carrying on the work of Christian evangelization. It clearly apprehends its want of power and simplicity to deal with the objections that are continually urged against its doctrines. Bishop Colenso found by his conversation with the Kaffirs he must reconsider some points of doctrine, and finally abandoned them; and now that other wing of the Church so rigidly orthodox, led by the "Church and State Review," that has so often condemned Colenso for yielding to the Kaffirs, goes in for some concessions to the Mahometans. It counsels missionaries to compromise with the Turks; for without this they can never expect success in that quarter. The doctrine of the Trinity is the great stumbling-stone to the Mahometan; and though it does not advocate the Unitarian stand-point in dealing with them, it looks in that direction for success. Here is the leader to which we refer, from the paper above named of Dec. 1, 1864. It needs no further comment than this statement of a fact—so long as the doctrine of the Trinity is taught by the Christian Church, neither Jew nor Turk will become Christian.

MAHOMETAN VIEW OF CHRISTIANITY.

"The unfortunate disputes which lately broke out in Constantinople between the heads of the Mahometan religion and a section of the Christian missionaries employed in that city upon the work of evangelization, though for the present set at rest, are still, we fear, always liable to be renewed as long as that misunderstanding between the two parties which originally produced them remains undissipated. For this reason, and in the interests of Christianity itself, we feel that it may not be amiss to set before our readers what we believe to be the opinion of the best-educated Turks with regard to their own relations towards the Christian religion, feeling that by so doing we may be perhaps instrumental in clearing away some of those misconceptions which obstruct at the present day the progress of missionary work in the Ottoman dominions.

"The tendency which prevails among all persons engaged in the conversion of

non-Christian nations to draw one broad line of demarcation between Christians and non-Christians is indeed quite natural; and there is a sense of course in which the distinction is a perfectly correct one. But when it is carried so far as to lead to the adoption of one uniform course of procedure towards all those forms of religious belief which exist outside of our own, it is productive of serious inconvenience; and we greatly fear that many of our English missionaries have in their well-intentioned zeal quite forgotten to reflect on those subordinate distinctions which divide one class of unbelievers from another.

"To apply these observations to the particular case before us, there are, it should be known, broad differences between the theory of Mahometanism as held by educated Mussulman theologians, and its practice as seen in the fanaticism of the Turkish people. Now, what the English Government has invariably found the Turkish authorities willing and able to effect was this, to restrain the excesses of the people which were felt to be, at variance with the true spirit of their creed, as long as the Christians in their turn were willing to refrain from insulting, however they might labour to refute, those general principles and belief which all the followers of the Prophet hold in common. Recently, however, our missionaries have neglected this distinction, and the result has been those disturbances in Constantinople which have seriously menaced the cause of Christianity in the East.

"It is probably not generally known in this country that among the high Mahometan doctors their creed is constantly asserted to be only one form of Christianity. Arian Christians is what they love to style themselves. And their view of the origin of Mahometanism is as follows: They contend that the doctrine of the Trinity is not to be found either in the Old or New Testament, but was an afterthought grafted upon the primitive monotheistic creed, which, they say, was the creed of CHRIST. They think that CHRIST was the Son of God, but not God. They believe in the miraculous conception, in the Christian miracles, and in Christian morals. They hold that although Mahomet was a further deve-

loper of Christianity, he is as inferior to CHRIST as a purely human agent can be to a divine one. And they carry this reverence for CHRIST so far, as to hold that He will at the last day be the Supreme Judge of mankind, deciding on the destinies of Mussulman and Christian alike, and excluding from or admitting them to Paradise according to their respective merits. They hold that Christians will go to Paradise as well as Mussulmen, except those who have aided and abetted in the bad work of corrupting Christianity, by introducing image-worship and other intermediate observances between God and man, which to the true Mussulman are odious. It must be understood of course that we are now depicting their own view of the relations of Mahometanism to Christianity, in the course of which it is impossible to avoid sometimes using expressions which grate upon a Christian ear.

"The Mussulmen say that Mahomet found in the East a scattered but considerable remnant who still maintained in secret the doctrine of Arius. These formed the nucleus of his followers; and it is thought that if he had never been visited with the persecution which he experienced, Mahometanism might never have assumed that militant and intolerant aspect which has since been one of its best-known characteristics. The Prophet, they say, was driven to preach the destruction of the infidels to avoid being destroyed himself; but then, they add, that the word 'infidels' was never originally intended to include Christians. Practically it soon did come to do this in the minds of the multitude, but the contradictory doctrine has always been handed down by the Ulemas; and the Turks say that at the present time it entirely depends upon the conduct of the Christians themselves whether this doctrine shall not once more become generally recognized by the people.

"With regard to some of the more peculiar doctrines of the Mahometan creed, the Turks themselves say that these are social, not religious questions. Polygamy, for instance, is explained by their more enlightened teachers to be simply a law against bastards. The Koran forbids concubinage in the sense in which the word is understood in

Western Europe. It lays down that all a man's children should stand upon the same legal footing. Our notion of illegitimate children it wholly repudiates. It, they say, permits polygamy in order to avert injustice. Of course we are not saying that this is any adequate defence of the institution. But, such as it is, it sets it in a new light; and is perhaps sufficiently reasonable to make us, among whom 'the social evil' prevails to so disgraceful an extent, a little more charitable in our construction of Mahometan morals.

"It will be by this time, we should think, clear to our readers that to a people imbued with this idea of their own relations towards Christianity, the missionary appeal must be conducted with the utmost tact and patience. In combating the prejudices of the Mussulman we are working against a substance which offers little or no resistance. The gross idolatries and cruel superstitions which in other non-Christian countries supply so firm a standing-ground to the Christian preacher, exist not among the Turks. A savage may in time be brought to see that it is well for him to be relieved from the yoke of deities created by his own imagination, and from religious rites which cause him pain and terror. But the Turk is already free from these. If you talk to him of morals, he will meet you with your own weapons. What alone he may in time be brought to see, is the superiority of a Faith whose dominant doctrines are charity and mercy; and when once he recognizes this, he may bow before its other precepts. But we are quite confident of this, that to begin by reviling the fundamental articles of his faith, and denouncing Mahomet as an impostor, is the worst policy. The Turk maintains that Mahomet purified Christianity as Christianity purified Judaism; and the apparent hopelessness of arguing with theologians who hold this theory, is one of the most disheartening features in the prospect of Eastern evangelization. But at all events, the Christian policy in Turkey is evidently to conciliate; to shew an example of patience and forbearance rather than to excite the popular passions, or, much less, to array against themselves the learned classes, who, till recently, have shewn no hostility towards Christians.

"The statements contained in this article may surprise many and offend some. But—they are true. And their truth must be generally recognized if the cause of the Gospel is to prosper in that great empire which forms a kind of connecting link between Christendom and Heathendom."

We have but to add, there are millions among us at home who ask, as well as the Turks, for a modification of the doctrines of the Church of England, and are our souls not as precious in her eyes as the soul of the Mussulman? The preposterous follies and anathemas pronounced every sabbath-day in the State Church shock the reason and outrage the feelings of the wisest and best of our land. We are wrong to wait for her reformation. We must be up and more in earnest to expose her false doctrines, and wipe out this reproach of Christianity from the earth.

THE FLOWER THAT LOOKS UPWARD.

A GROUP of young, light-hearted girls sat together in the twilight, busily arranging the flowers they had been gathering in the pleasant woods and fields.

"What beautiful things flowers are!" said one; "and what a pleasant amusement it would be, now that we are all sitting here so quietly, if each were to choose which flower she would rather be like."

"Just as if there would be any choice," exclaimed Laura Bennett, a little proudly. "Among all the flowers that grow, there is none to vie in beauty with the Rose. Let me be the queen of flowers or none!"

"For my part," observed her sister Helen, "I should like to resemble the luxuriant Rhododendron, so beautifully described in our book of flowers. When any one, in passing, shakes it roughly, it scatters, we are told, a shower of honey-dew from its roseate cups, and immediately begins to fill its chalices anew with transparent ambrosia; teaching us to shower sweetness even upon the hands that disturb us, and to fill again with pure honey-drops the chalices of our inward thoughts. Oh! who would

not wish to be meek and forgive like the Rhododendron, if they could? But this is very difficult," added poor Helen, with tears in her eyes.

"It is, indeed," said Lucy Neville, gently, "if we trust only to our own strength. And who is there to help us? It is only when my father looks at me, in his grave, kind manner, that I have the slightest control over myself. What a pity it is," said Lucy, simply, "that we cannot always remember that the eye of our Heavenly Father is upon us!" "I wish I could," said Helen.

"I have heard my mother say," observed Lucy, "that praying is better than wishing."

"Now, Clara," interrupted Laura Bennett, turning impatiently toward a fair, genteel-looking girl by her side, "we are waiting for you."

Clara smiled, and immediately chose the pale convolvulus or bine-wood, winding so carelessly in and out among the bushes, and flinging over them a graceful covering, an emblem of meek beauty and loving tenderness. "The only pity is," said she, "that it should so soon close up and fade away."

"But what says our dear Lucy?" exclaimed Helen.

"I think that I can guess," said Clara Seymour; "either a violet or a heart's-ease—am I right?"

"Not quite," replied Lucy, with a deep blush; "although both the flowers you have mentioned are great favourites of mine. But I should like to resemble the daisy most, because it is always looking upward!"

"Do tell me," said Helen, as they walked home together, carrying the flowers which they had gathered to adorn their several dwellings; "do tell me, now, why you wished just now to be always looking upward like the daisy?"

"Oh, Helen, can you ask? What more do we require for happiness than to be able, let the cloud be ever so dark, to look upward with the eye of faith, and say, 'It is the Lord's will, and therefore it is best'?"

"Do you always think thus?" asked Helen.

"Alas, no," replied poor Lucy, while the tears fell fast. "But I am trying, and praying to God to teach me."

FALSE NOTIONS IN REGARD TO THE BIBLE.

THE popular notions of the Bible will inevitably tend to produce doubt, distress and infidelity, if they are not illumined. No man objects to the real design of Scripture. The truths of the Bible, as a book of the heart, for the training of the heart; as a book that undertakes to reconcile man to God; as a book that reveals the Divine justice and love; that reveals immortality through Jesus Christ; that reveals the principles of right and wrong; that reveals the doctrine of punishment and reward—these great truths are potent and almost universally accepted in their most generic forms. The attacks on the Bible are for the most part attacks upon the extravagant claims made for its teachings. Science, when it began to be found out, was opposed at every step. The priest stood saying, "This is not the doctrine of astronomy that the stars have revealed; this is the doctrine of astronomy that Genesis reveals." And the first battle of science on that subject was with the Scripture, which it pierced at every step. And how did the Scripture escape? For generations, in the hands of the priesthood, it has been the bulwark of ignorance. When humanity stepped in, it found everywhere selfishness and pride invested in the Church; and this selfishness and this pride said, "You have no right to preach your humanitarian doctrines, as you call them; the Bible does not teach them." And the Bible stood in the way of reformation in that direction. Why, at the very first step that we undertook in the movement for the abolition of slavery on this continent, did we not find the Old Testament piled higher than Lee's entrenchments in our path? And did we not have to contend with and overcome swarms of the sons of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob before we could get sons of Ham out of their bondage? And now, in Europe, when the kings and nobles grind the rich burghers, and the rich burghers grind the myriad mass, and the myriad mass seek to lift themselves up into their place as men, and to take in their place the light of God's glory, what is it that shadows them but this great open Bible, held at one corner by the priest, and at the other corner by the king? Even to-

day, aristocracy and monarchy and papacy are entrenched behind the Bible. And if democracy is infidel in Europe, it is because of the prostitution of religion in the hands of the government and of the ecclesiastical authorities of Europe. And liberty there must do one of two things: it must be infidel or it must for the time being be in bondage. And whose fault is it? It is the fault of the priests, the kings and the nobles; for they have shoved the Bible out of its sphere, and undertaken by it to justify legislation of the most oppressive character.

Now, if the Bible is to be put above all science and reformation, and men are to make it the bulwark of every mischief and iniquity, it cannot but be reviled and hated of men; but if the Bible is redeemed from such base uses, and is brought back to its sphere, it will be esteemed and revered by all who employ it. The Bible is each private man's own book. You know the priests once owned it. It was their property; and they took it under their arm, and walked off with it; as a man takes his bonds and mortgages under his arm and walks off with them, saying, "These are the titles to my property." They would let other men read a little of it, as a man lets his neighbours read a little of his bonds and mortgages, just to give them some idea of his wealth: but they owned it. They had pigeon-holes in which they tucked away their treasures, as a man has pigeon-holes in which he tucks away his papers. The rite of baptism was theirs; the Lord's Supper was theirs; all the ordinances of the Church were theirs; men were theirs, for that matter.

Now, the Bible is my book. I own it from Genesis to Revelation. And it owns me. I have a right to sit down in the sanctuary of my conscience, and under the illumination of the Holy Ghost, and read that Bible. And if I will take the consequences of my own faith, I have a right to that creed which my understanding gives me, without asking you or anybody else on the face of the globe what I may believe. No man is so much interested in my salvation or condemnation as I am; and I read my Bible at the peril of my immortality; and, if I choose to take the responsibility, that Bible is

mine, for my private use. It is every man's and every woman's for his or her private use. You may go to a minister for light, or you may not. You may go to a commentary, or you may not. You do not need to go to a minister or a commentary. This is God's book for every individual, high or low, rich or poor, ignorant or instructed. You may stumble in it, or you may stumble outside of it. We are all making mistakes on every hand. But the Bible is our private chart to steer to heaven by. The priest, however, takes it out of that sphere in which it is a guide to each individual, and puts it in the sphere of authority and despotism.

Men say, "I do not believe the Bible." It is not the Bible that you doubt; it is the Bible in the priest's hands. So do I doubt it in the priest's hands. If a man takes the Bible and undertakes by it to destroy the great facts and undoubted truths of mental philosophy, he tends to make all that have accepted that philosophy sceptics in regard to the Bible. They say, "I know these things are true in mental philosophy, and if you say that your Bible is against them, there is but one way for me to do, and that is to reject your Bible." Yes, it is *his* Bible that you reject, and not *the* Bible; for *the* Bible is a book that is so constructed that it can never be set aside. Governments may rise and fall; but the Bible is not changed. Laws may come and laws may go; but the Bible is not changed. Science may build in the skies, and lay its foundations on the crystal pavements of the stars; science may build on the soft strata under the flood or on the land; science, flying, may sweep its pinions through the spaces of the air, and measure the winds by meteorologic laws; science may take up the human body, and estimate its various powers; science may go into the realm of the mind, and tell what is the law of conscience, what is the law of reason; science may go up or down, right or left; but it does not touch the Bible, that does not undertake to do these things. The Bible is standing and saying still, "Whatever may be your view of the reason, or the conscience, or the heart, you shall love God with that reason, with that conscience, and with that heart, and your neighbour

as yourself." Here we are, in the outward world, by the help of God's revelation of nature, finding out physical things; and the Bible says still, "All these physical things must be used for a spiritual purpose." It points to the fidelity of God, the love of Christ, the hope of immortality, and the re-union of men in blessedness hereafter. These great fundamental truths it insists upon.

"Well," you say, "that is a very small space for the Bible to occupy." How large a space does a candle occupy? Just a little hole in the candlestick. But when it shines out to the poor traveller that has lost his way in the morass at midnight, how far it reaches! And to him how much it means, when it guides him to a highway and to a hospitable place of residence! And how much it means on a rocky shore, when it gives light to a thousand ships with their imperilled mariners! It means safety. It does an important office-work, although it requires but a small space to stand in. And although the Word of God does not cover much ground, the ground that it does cover is so vital, and it stands so connected with man's life here and hereafter, that it shines with a clear light. And he that takes heed to it will certainly find the harbour, the shore, the haven. It is transcendently important: in present and temporal and human respects not so important as men have supposed, but in future and eternal and spiritual respects a great deal more important than men have supposed.—*H. W. Beecher.*

THE VALUE OF SUNSHINE.

A MERCHANT noticed, in the progress of years, that each successive book-keeper gradually lost his health, and finally died of consumption, however vigorous and robust he was on entering the service. At length it occurred to him that the little rear room where the books were kept opened on a back yard so surrounded by high walls that no sunshine came into it from one year's end to another. An upper room, well lighted, was immediately prepared, and his clerks had uniform good health thereafter. A familiar case to general readers is derived from medical works:—An entire family became ill, and all remedies seemed to fail of their

usual results, when a window-pane in the family room was accidentally broken. It was not repaired, though the weather was cold, and forthwith there was a marked improvement in the health of the inmates. A French lady being ill, the most eminent physicians of her time were called in, but failed to restore her; at length, the "Napoleon of physic" was consulted. He noticed that she lived in a dim room, into which the sun never shone; he at once ordered more airy and cheerful apartments, and all her complaints vanished. The lungs of a dog become tuberculated (consumptive) in a few weeks, if kept confined in a dark cellar. The greatest medical men in France in the last century regarded pure air and sunshine as equal agents in restoring and maintaining health. From these facts, which cannot be disputed, the most common mind should conclude, that cellars, and rooms on the northern side of buildings, or apartments into which the sun does not immediately shine, should never be occupied as family rooms, libraries or studies. Such apartments are only fit for stowage, or purposes which never require persons to remain in them over a few minutes at a time. Every intelligent and humane parent will arrange that the family room and chambers shall be the most commodious, lightest and brightest apartments in the house.

THE PIANO.

As the last thrilling notes of "*Home, sweet Home,*" floated round the dear circle, in which were concentrated a little world, or a little knot of beings who were all the world to each other, an audible sob broke the enchantment which this touching little song, accompanied by the sweet voice of my young friend, had cast around me. It burst from the bosom of one who had been severely disciplined in the school of adversity—one who had beheld the wreck of all her youthful hopes, without one murmuring word against the God who guides the storm; but now the sudden melody of her beloved daughter's voice accompanying the melting tones of her piano—saw, for the last time, her fingers sweep the speaking keys—beheld her youthful happiness, unconscious of the blow that awaited her, a sigh involuntarily escaped her, and the startling

tear told of sudden anguish. She turned to me and said in a low voice, "I wish I could have saved Amelia's piano—it will break her heart to part with it. Poor thing, she little thinks that she will no more sing and play to charm away my melancholy!"

The unconscious girl closed the instrument, and remarked, "Did you observe, dear mamma, that my piano wants tuning? and you will allow Mr. N. to come and tune it to-morrow?"

A tear stole down the cheeks of my respected friend.

"Are you ill, my dear mother?" inquired Amelia, "or has anything occurred to distress you? If so, do not hide it from me; for rest assured, no deprivation, no exertion, no suffering can afflict me like seeing you unhappy. I have just been thinking, as soon as my piano is tuned, I will beg Mrs. —— to let me undertake to instruct her two girls in the rudiments of music; and who knows, dear mother, but in time it will be in my power to support you, with the assistance of my valued instrument?"

I gazed for a moment with feelings of surprise and admiration on the glowing, animated face of this lovely, ingenuous girl, and never felt my own want of fortune so keenly as at that moment. A silent ejaculation involuntarily rose to heaven, that the Almighty would open some way to save poor Amelia's piano from the fangs of a rapacious landlord.—The hour for separation had already arrived; and after imprinting a warm kiss on Amelia's cheek, and whispering in the ear of my afflicted friend, "*Still trust in the Lord our God,*" I left the house with feelings I cannot describe.

With the dawn I repaired to the auction rooms in — Street, and waited, agonizing, the opening of the sales. The crowd was large, as several valuable articles of furniture and some elegant paintings were noticed in the handbills. I cast a glance over the rooms, and in one corner stood a female of exquisite form—her face was hid from public view by a large calash—her head was averted, and rested against the window, out of which she appeared to be gazing at the busy crowd below. Near her stood a piano. One glance was sufficient. I hastened to the spot, and in a low voice

articulated, "Amelia H——d, is this you?"

The distressed girl clasped my arm, and burst into tears.

"Yes, my good sir, I little thought, when you left us last evening, that our cruel landlord would this morning seize my piano, and bring it to be exposed for sale. O, my dear sir, cannot you devise some means to save it for me?"

At this moment the auctioneer called for the instrument, and it was removed into the centre of the room for examination. Several gentlemen remarked that it was a sweet-toned instrument, but out of tune. The poor girl hung on my arm with silent grief. The bidding commenced. Foremost in the crowd stood the son of Mrs. H——d's detested landlord. He bid after some debate *twenty-five dollars*, and there was a pause. Near Amelia stood an interesting youth, evidently unconcerned in the event of the sale of the piano, examining some fine paintings that were soon to be exposed. The idea that this cold, unfeeling being was going to purchase, undisputed, this favourite, almost idolized article, for the trifling sum of twenty-five dollars, made her for a moment forget where she was, and she exclaimed—

"Must the only thing I value be sacrificed for this pitiful sum, without effecting one object?"

The youth started, gazed on the beautiful girl one instant, and bid one hundred dollars! and the piano was immediately struck off to Mr. Seymour.

The moment the name of Seymour was called, my heart felt the sound, and I re-called the features of my old friend and companion in arms, Major Horatio Seymour. I saw this young man was his own son, ever ready to answer the calls of humanity.

The piano was ordered back to the humble dwelling of Mrs. H——d.

"Heaven will reward you, sir!" was all the lovely girl could articulate when she heard this order.

"One tune from its fair owner is all the reward I ask," replied the young enthusiast.

He accompanied me to my grateful friend's habitation, where the sweet voice and artless manners of Amelia completed the impression her beauty had made upon

his heart. A few short months saw her and her excellent parent restored to that rank they were made to adorn.

I often, in my daily rambles, call and take a look at the happy circle assembled round Seymour's fire-side. Amelia still plays "*Home, sweet home,*" while her affectionate husband frequently remarks, "*To the piano I am indebted for all my happiness.*"—*American Paper.*

TRUE RICHES.

SOME little folks went out to tea
At 60, Milner Square,
And buns and cake and marmalade
Adorned the table there.

They sipped their tea from tiny cups
Of china, white and gold,
And some a dozen times were filled,
So little did they hold!

Said Carrie Ritchie, as they laughed
And talked that happy night—
"You haven't seen my necklace yet,
With golden locket bright!"

"I never all my whole life long,
Have felt so rich before;
My grandma says she really thinks
It cost three pounds or more."

"I don't call that so very rich!"
Tall Kitty Fuller cried;
"I have a handsome diamond ring,
Aunt left me when she died."
Cried Minnie, "I've a lovely seal
Of white cornelian—set
In solid gold; but dear papa
Won't let me wear it yet."

Said laughing Jane, "I've more than all!
My good luck I may thank;
I think I've nearly twenty pounds
Within the savings' bank."

Then spoke the lady of the house—
"Be wealthy as you will,
If you have nothing more to boast,
Ann Grey is richer still."

Amazed, the widow's child they eyed,
In mourning dressed so plain;
Without a trinket in the world
Of which she might be vain.

"My dears," the lady said (and smiled
To see sweet Annie start),
"True riches are not *gems and gold*,
But *Christ's love in the heart.*"

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

A BAPTIST ON BAPTISM.—The Rev. William Brock's discourse at the Baptist Union, in Birmingham, was based on the words, "I came not to baptize, but to preach the gospel." He argued, first, that baptism is not identical with salvation; secondly, that it is not essential to salvation; thirdly, that it is not contributory to salvation; and fourthly, that it is not preliminary to salvation.

OLD DR. BEECHER'S IDEA OF HEAVEN.—Excepting exemption from sin, intense, vigorous, untiring action is the greatest pleasure of mind. I could hardly wish to enter heaven did I believe the inhabitants were idly to sit by purling streams, fanned by balmy airs. Heaven, to be a place of happiness, must be a place of activity. Has the far-reaching mind of Newton ceased its profound investigations? Has David hung up his harp as useless as the dusty arms of Westminster Abbey? Has Paul, glowing with godlike enthusiasm, ceased itinerating the universe of God? Are Peter, and Cyprian, and Edwards, and Payson, and Evarts, idling away eternity in mere psalm-singing? Heaven is a place of restless activity, the abode of never-tiring thought. David and Isaiah will sweep nobler and loftier strains in eternity, and the minds of saints, unclogged by cumbersome clay, will for ever feast on the banquet of rich and glorious thought. My young friends, go on, then; you will never get through.

THE POPE'S PROHIBITIONS NOT REGARDED. Rev. Mr. Hall, of Italy, says that a decree of the Pope's, prohibiting the people from reading the Bible or Protestant books, has little meaning now compared with a few years ago, when the civil authority could enforce it among the twenty millions of Italy. The great mass of the Italians now exercise their own judgment as to the books they wish to read.

DON'T GET INTO DEBT.—Dr. Johnson held that early debt is ruin. His words on the subject are weighty and worthy of being held in remembrance. "Do not," said he, "accustom yourself to consider debt only as an inconvenience; you will find it a calamity. Poverty takes away so many means of doing good, and produces so much inability to resist evil, both natural and moral, that it is by all virtuous means to be avoided. Let it be your first care, then, not to be in any man's debt. Resolve not to be poor; whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness; it certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable and others extremely difficult. Frugality is not only the basis of quiet, but of beneficence. No man can help others that wants help himself."—*Self-Help.*

A WONDERFUL STATEMENT.—In an article on the Trinity, which appears in George C. McWhorter's "Church Essays," is the following statement: "Holy Scripture tells us not only that there is one God, who is the only

God, but that He is a Spirit, and that his indivisible, Divine Nature integrally occupies and informs three several Persons,—the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost." It is wonderful with what boldness men will assert that to be Scripture which is not Scripture, and which does not approach within a great distance of either the letter or spirit of Scripture. We have heard it said before that Revelation taught the *fact* of the Trinity, although we never found the place. But here is a man who goes beyond all that, and asserts that it teaches the mode of that mysterious entity. We can find statements that "There is one God," and that "God is a Spirit;" but our Concordance—a very full one—does not shew where the Book tells us that "His indivisible, Divine Nature integrally occupies and informs three several Persons." St. Paul undertook once to define who God was, when he said, "There is one God, even the Father." But his definiteness is all in vain with these children of the Papal Church of the dark ages.

JOHNNIE AND THE VIOLETS.—Little Johnnie stood by his mother one day, watching her transplanting violets, and observed how deeply imbedded they were in the grass, and how they would quiver and break as they were torn from it, as if they sadly felt the shock in every fibre, and the leaves drooping, as if they might be grieved to go back to their old home again. A short time after the gardening, Johnnie's mother was writing to his absent father, when she asked him what message he would send. "O!" said the little fellow, "tell him I feel just as sorry for his being gone as a bunch of violets pulled up by the roots."

UNIVERSALISTS.—To check the growing tendency to rationalism among the liberal ministers, the New York association of Universalists has recently adopted a confession of faith, excluding from fellowship all who do not accept it. Its essential statement is: "I sincerely declare that I receive the Bible as containing a special and sufficient revelation from God, which is the rule of Christian faith and practice; and that I will strive faithfully to preach its doctrines and inculcate its principles." The extra-liberal wing complain of this as binding them to a creed, but the general feeling of the denomination is that it is necessary to draw the line somewhere between Christians and infidels.

UNITARIAN HAND-BOOK.—The third edition, *sixth thousand*, price One Shilling, sent *post free* by WHITFIELD, GREEN & SON, 178, Strand.

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